A Redemption

By FREDERICK SCHWED.

THE cars jarred and clacked and clanked as they drew out of the Anniston depot; then the hiss of escaping steam changed to a softer rhythmic puffing, as the engine settled down, and the train rattled steadily over the level stretch of track. On all sides the encircling Alabama ore mountains, shimmering in the heat haze, seemed to shut out the rest of the universe. In the immediate foreground, unvarying fields of green, brown, and yellow flashed by in bold relief.

In one of the cars sat two men, whom the heat, or some other factor, had rendered singularly uncommunicative. Though obviously traveling together, they had exchanged barely a dozen words in the two hours since their departure from Anniston. The smaller man, with the blond beard, seemed endeavoring to pierce some mystery that lay beyond the landscape, and gazed fixedly out of the window; his companion, a large, dark man, in the seat opposite, seemed bored and shifted his gaze languidly and aimlessly.

A little, restless old man in the seat behind—the only other passenger in the car—had been observing them curiously and shyly for some time. He was perhaps sixty years old, with white hair, mild blue eyes, and a mobile mouth. Several times he had been on the point of addressing his fellow-travelers, but on each occasion some subtle impulse had restrained him. Finally he bent over the back of the seat.

"Can either of you gentlemen tell me how long it will be before we get to Calera?"

The smaller stared steadily for perhaps ten seconds, then, his curiosity seemingly appeased, turned back to his scrutiny of the fields. The other, however, was not so lacking in courtesy.

"In about an hour," he responded.

"Oh, thanks." The old gentleman did not seem satisfied, but gazed around vaguely, and then again addressed himself doubtfully to the pair.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question or two about some things I want to know very badly?" he said, glancing appealingly from one to the other. Once again only the larger man answered, or, indeed, evinced any recognition of his questioner's existence.

"Why, yes," he answered cordially. Sit right down here, and I'll do the best I know how for you. What do you want to know?"

"Well," began the elder man hesitatingly, "I had a boy come down to Montgomery about fifteen years ago. A few months after he left our house burned down, and his mother and I were injured. When we got well, we moved away from the town, almost penniless, and somehow I had lost track of him and he of us, because we never heard from his since.

"But lately Providence has favored me, and everything I undertook prospered, and I felt that I could spare a few weeks to come down here and look for my boy. Now, Mr.——" He paused interrogatively.

"Brown is my name."

"Well, Mr. Brown, I thought maybe you could tell me something. The last I heard of him was in Montgomery. My name is Carter—Willis Derringforth Carter."

Brown had been pondering during the latter part of the speech.

"Carter? Willis Carter?" he said. "No; I know some Carters here and some in Georgia, but they were all born in these parts. Maybe——"

The voice of the sphinx-like blond-bearded man startled them.

"I remember a young fellow named Willis Carter," he said slowly. "It was about fifteen years ago. Blue eyes, light hair——"

"That's right—that's right!" the old man interrupted eagerly.

"Well," his informant went on, "he stayed with Dick Saunders when he first came, and that's the last I know of him. Saunders can tell you about him most likely. The address is 1808 Bibb Street, Montgomery."

The questioner was profuse in his thanks and inclined to be garrulous, but after this momentary burst of politeness the smaller man relapsed into his former silence, which he preserved unbroken until their arrival in Calera. Here Mr. Carter, who had been carrying on a continual flow of conversation, chiefly about his son, gathered up his effects, and, after thanking them heartily, bade them good-by.

As he disappeared down the steps of the car, the blond man whirled around in his seat, with his face tensely drawn and white as death.

"Sheriff," he said hoarsely, addressing his companion, "for God's sake send this telegram for me. Take it down as I give it:

"'To Dick Saunders, 1808 Bibb Street, Montgomery.'"

Brown started in surprise, but obeyed.

"Now here's the message:

"'As my best friend, do what I ask. Elderly man arrives tomorrow in Montgomery. Will ask you about Willis Carter. My name when still respectable. Old man is my father. Swear Willis Carter died a decent boy fifteen years ago. My last request. Good-by.

"'FRED WILLIS.'

"Send it collect," he said. "If you won't do this for my sake, do it for my mother's, and his. Oh, my God! I heard that they had both died in that fire, Sheriff, you will do this——"

"Of course I'll have it sent for you," Brown answered huskily. "Here," he called to the colored porter, "you've got five minutes before the train starts. Send this telegram. Pay for it with this." He waved aside Willis' thanks. "If it don't get there in time——"

The ported nodded in comprehension and departed.

As the car, deserted save for the two men, rolled on in the gathering dusk, Willis Carter, alias Fred Willis, convicted thief, embezzler, and this last time forger, raised his manacled hands from where his coat had concealed them, and let his head fall forward on the extended arms. Silence for a moment—then the sound of a man's dry, racking, rending sobs, that mingled with the jolting noises of the train.

Cannibal Trout.

Trout are cannibals, and it is a moot question whether in some waters large trout should not be systematically destroyed. Many Dartmoor fishermen are in favor of killing them. They say that fish in their streams of one pound to two pounds' weight are hardly ever caught by ordinary means and live entirely on their own brethren. A two-pound Devon trout is probably responsible for the death of several stones' weight of his own kind.—Natural News.

FROM THE OTHER WORLD

A HALF TRUE TALE OF A MEETING THAT MAY HAVE TAKEN PLACE.

By JAMES L. FORD.

IN a great stone house, overhung with masses of unkempt trailing wistaria vine and situated in a quiet section of a queer old-fashioned suburb of New York, a lonely old man of fourscore years is dreaming away the last months of a life that has been made notable by reason of one strange story.

The suburb in which he lives is an almost forgotten adjunct to New York, which has known but few changes, save those incidental to neglect and slow decay, during the quarter of a century that has passed by since this story had its real beginning.

At that time the gray-haired octogenarian was a successful man of business, rugged in health, keen of brain, and bound by the strongest ties of love to the old stone house in which he was born, and to the wife and daughter whose home it was too.

The daughter was a young girl of great beauty, and in those days the house, with its great expanse of well-trimmed lawn and its garden that swept away in the rear to the river bank, where the boat-house stood, was the scene of much open-handed hospitality.

The daughter attracted by her beauty and charm of manner scores of young people of both sexes, and the father and mother found no greater happiness than in welcoming her friends and glorying in her popularity.

I myself can well remember the old place as I first saw it on a June afternoon with the roses blossoming against its gray walls, the air rich with the perfume from the old-fashioned garden and over all the exquisite peace of a summer's silence, broken only by the hum of the bees and the carol of the birds in the branches of the great elm trees overhead.

At that moment it seemed to me that life held no finer possibility than such a home as this with its roses and mignonette, its birds' songs and its ineffable peace.

Less than a year after that day I stood with many others by the grave of the beautiful young daughter and saw the bereaved and desolate couple return to the home from which all brightness and joy had fled forever.

It was not until two years later that I had news of them again and then a strange story reached my ears.

The father, I was told, had given up active business within a twelvemonth of his daughter's death and had retired completely from the world.

He and his wife lived, as before, in the old stone house, but the place was sadly altered. The lawn, once so trim and neat, was overrun by a tangle of long grass; there were weeds in the great oval flower beds that had been the joy of the Scotch gardener's soul; a heap of ashes stood before the door of the long disused stable and through the dusty cobwebbed windows of the carriage-house could be seen the old-fashioned basket phaeton standing just where the groom had left it the last time that the young mistress of the house came from her afternoon drive.

"And how do they contrive to pass the time?" I inquired, when I learned that neither father nor mother was ever seen outside their own gate.

"They pass most of their time with their daughter," was the reply, which, I confess, rather startled me.

"You see," my informant went on, "the old couple have become confirmed spiritualists, and they actually believe that Kate comes down to earth every Sunday afternoon and remains with them till the dawn of Monday morning, when she takes her flight. What's more, two or three intimate friends of the family whom the dead girl has expressed a desire to see have been invited there for Sunday evening, and have come away firmly convinced that they have been in the presence of the departed."

This did not seem strange to me at the time, for none knew better than I how easy it was for those whose hearts were sore with bereavement to imagine that the loved and lost had come back to them again from the grave.

At first I was sorry to learn that the grief-stricken couple had yielded to this delusion, but on second thought it seemed to me fortunate that they had found something that would serve as a salve to their bruised hearts.

I went to the old house to call and the old gentleman—for he was white-haired and bent now, though still under sixty—greeted me with sad cordiality and offered me refreshments in the fine old dining room where it had been his delight in years gone by to entertain his visitors.

He spoke of his daughter continually, but not as one who had passed away forever. She had been there to see them the day before, and all that he and his wife could look forward to now was the day when they should all meet again, never to be separated.

She was supremely happy in her new life, knew no joy greater than that of welcoming the old friends who from time to time crossed the dark river to the shores of the life beyond, and looked forward with infinite yearning to the time when she should welcome her father and mother, too.

Although always inclined to scoff at spiritualism and to resent as an insult to my intelligence the stories of supernatural manifestations told by its devotees and apostles, I must confess that there was a quality of sincere, single-minded reverential belief in this old man's tale that carried with it a certain degree of conviction.

Of course, I did not believe that his lost daughter actually returned from beyond the grave to the scenes which she had known in life, but I was absolutely sure that her father believed that she did and I was ill disposed to question a faith that brought him as much happiness as his did.

I heard a good deal about the old couple during my brief stay in the ancient suburban village, and learned among other things that the house was generally looked upon as haunted.

According to veracious witnesses who had occasion to pass the rusty padlocked iron gate at unseemly hours of the night, strange noises were to be heard from an old summer house that stood decaying in the center of a big clump of lilacs, and more than once a ghostly shape had been seen flitting across the overgrown lawn and entering the tall French windows that for some reason or other stood open on Sundays the year round.

As for the few intimates who had been admitted to the weekly vigils with the dead, not one had ever been known to go a second time, or even to speak freely about what had been seen and heard there.

From some of the more garrulous ones it was learned that something—no one could tell what—actually came into the room, and, although they could not see, they could feel its presence there. With this mysterious presence, which might have been the disembodied spirit of their lost daughter, the father and mother held long and intimate converse, speaking in low, distinct whispers, and apparently catching the replies for which they eagerly listened.

Those who were admitted to these strange weekly seances always came away firmly convinced that the man and his wife had been talking to and listening to the spirit of whose presence they were profoundly conscious.

I think that all mankind can be said to have one common inheritance. It is to be found in the craving for the supernatural, that willingness to listen to stories of departed spirits and that anxiety to believe that the gulf between this life and the next can be bridged by human effort.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the story of the lonely old couple and the weekly visits of their departed daughter soon spread beyond the confines of the sleepy little village and became food for discussion in the different cities to which it was wafted by garrulous tongues.

I heard it spoken of not only in New York, but also in Washington, and it was there that I incautiously admitted my acquaintance with the family and told what I knew of the matter.

I noticed at the time that what I had to say excited what seemed to me an undue amount of interest in the little group that listened and at the close of the evening a gentleman, at that time high in the counsels of the Government, took my arm and walked slowly up the street beside me, talking about things supernatural in general, and finally reverting to the story that I had told.

He questioned me so particularly and in such minute detail regarding the manifestations of the disembodied spirit that I asked him rather bluntly if he intended to write anything about it.

"I wouldn't do such a thing as that for the world," he replied, earnestly, "but the fact is that a friend of mine, whose name I cannot reveal, is very much interested in this very story, for it reached his ears some time ago, and I happen to know that he is very anxious to go on to New York and be present himself at one of these Sunday meetings. Do you think that such a thing could be arranged?"

"I don't know," I replied; "certainly, not through me. This old gentleman and his wife firmly believe that their daughter returns to them once a week, and that they hold actual communion with her ghost. I would consider it a gross impertinence if I were to attempt to present myself on one of these occasions, and I knew the young girl well in her lifetime and have always been welcome at her father's house.

"I cannot see how any one who is an absolute stranger to the family could think of intruding himself at such a moment and disturbing the sanctity of an occasion in which this man and his wife firmly believe and which is the sole joy and comfort of their declining years."

"I understand and thoroughly appreciate your feeling in the matter," rejoined my friend, the Senator, "but in the case of the friend for whom I am speaking, it would not be altogether like the visit of a mere curiosity seeker. I cannot mention his name, but if you were to hear it you would understand what I mean. He is a man of the highest distinction, and I am very sure your friends would regard his visit as a compliment rather than an intrusion. However, we will say no more about it. Good-night."

A few weeks later I met the Senator again, and again we walked up the street together, while our talk drifted back to the subject which, perhaps more than any other, has engrossed the human mind from the earliest ages.

From the manner in which he spoke I suspected that the story of the old couple had made a deep impression upon him. He reverted carelessly to it several times, and finally stopped short in his walk, turned suddenly upon me, and said:

"See here! I don't want to appear vulgarly inquisitive or intrusive, but I am very anxious indeed to secure for the friend of whom I spoke to you last time admittance to the house of that old couple some Sunday evening. Since our last conversation I have learned some new facts relating to their case, and if you don't care to help me, I am going to ask some one else who can. Now what do you say?"

I was a little annoyed at his pertinacity, and by that time I had been in Washington long enough to realize that our national legislators, even if they happen to be chosen to the upper house, are not such tremendously exalted beings after all, so I told him rather contemptuously that if he and his distinguished friend desired to enter that house of sorrow they would probably find the kitchen door the most available as well as the most appropriate mode of entrance.

He made no reply, and I think that my biting Heine-like satire displeased him.

In due course of time I returned to New York, where the heat of the summer and the activities of a strenuous life soon drove the Senator and his mysterious friend from the small corner of my mind in which they had had their place.

I might never have thought of either of them again if it had not been for a chance meeting one September afternoon on Fifth Avenue at a time when the whole city was hung with black and all men were thinking of the life that had just ended at Elberton. The Senator saw me from over the way and crossed the streets quickly to speak to me.

"You remember the favor I asked you and which you did not see your way to granting," he said with a peculiarly sad smile on his face as he took my hand. "Well, very soon after I saw you my friend contrived to make known to the old couple his desire to be present at one of their Sunday night meetings, and when they learned his name they looked upon his request as a very high compliment.

"And it was arranged that he should be present there on the first Sunday in last July. He was tremendously interested in the matter, and looked forward to the meeting with a degree of interest that would astonish the whole country if it were to become known."

"Well," I remarked as the Senator paused, "did he see the daughter?"

"It may be," he replied, with a certain note of significance in his voice that arrested my attention at once, "that he has seen the young lady by this time, but it was not where he hoped to, though he left his home to go there. A madman shot him that day in the railroad station, but"—he pointed to a huge building that was completely shrouded in crepe—"it may be that by now he has really met her in her Father's Mansion."

David and Jonathan

By W. BURT FOSTER.

"The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as he loved his own soul."

THE crash of footsteps through the sodden brush frightened a hare which had been the sole occupant of the little stretch of meadow at the edge of the wood, and as a man came into the open it disappeared with whisk of its white flag.

The disturbing element in the peaceful scene halted on the verge of the sloping meadow and cast an unappreciative eye over its quiet beauty. Noting the first red beam of the sun which had pierced lance-like through the mist, he paced off about thirty feet at the wood's margin, so that the sunbeams would fall across the track. There was a clump of flowering shrub upon a little hillock at one end of the line; at the other stood a tall, lightning-riven stump. After a moment's hesitation the man walked over and placed his back against it.

He was a dark, stern-looking man, almost repellant, with firm lines about the mouth and steely eyes overhung by frowning brows. The closest observer could tell little from his face of what went on within his mind. This early tryst might be the veriest commonplace. He lit a cigar and puffed contentedly, and the dark, impassive face gave no sign.

Once he glanced at his watch. It lacked but a few moments to 5. He looked reflectively along the line he had paced to the little knoll, then drew something from his pocket. It glistened in the morning sunlight as he examined it carefully.

He was not the man to miss a shot at ten paces, he thought; but, then, neither was Jim. If the first bullet did not reach its mark he would have no use for the others. He himself had taught Jim to shoot, and the boy had been an apt pupil. He had liked Jim when he had first come to the great Southwest. He was the brightest, sunniest tempered lad who ever flung a rope or sung hymns to a bunch of long-haired cattle on a starless Texas night. Then the thought came to him of Jim lying with his face upturned to the sky and a ghastly blue mark in the center of his white forehead. His imagination pictured the boy streteed upon the flowery hillock, and while he had seen men so before, something rose in his throat and choked him. He threw away the cigar.

Then he saw himself running across the field, and falling on his knees by the boy's side. They were to meet alone—seconds were unnecessary with men who had so often shared each other's blankets and canteens—and there would be no one there to see. The great agony which filled his soul could not find expression. He left the stump and staggered out into the open, raising his arms aloft and staring with tearless eyes up into the pitiless sky.

For a moment he stood there in silence, while the sweet air cooled his hot cheek. Then suddenly he heard a quick step in the brush. He glanced about as though awaking from a dream and walked back to his station.

As Jim entered the meadow he nodded, glancing swiftly into the impassive face. The shadow beneath the young man's eyes betrayed sleepless hours and his lips trembled nervously.

"Have you paced the ground, Bob?" he asked.

"Ten paces—to that hillock," the other said, pointing, and his voice showed no trace of emotion.

Jim looked at him a moment without seeming to understand; then, "Wheel and fire, or at the count?" he asked.

"The ground's too rough to turn. It'd better be at the word."

"Count, then," said the younger man, as he turned on his heel and walked to the knoll.

A wave of color swept over the other's face, and he took a step forward and held out his hand; but Jim did not see it, and when he reached his station Bob stood with a face of adamant at the foot of the stump.

"Are you ready, Jim?" he said, without a tremor.

The right hands of each dropped to his side; then solemnly the stern voice went on:

"One—two—three—fire!"

The reports sounded as one, and two little puffs of smoke floated away in the morning air. The two men beheld each other a moment in silence with startled vision. One had heard the "zip!" of the bullet as it passed through the bush at his side, the other its impact in the rotten wood high above his head.

"Jim!"

"Bob, old boy!"

When they met in the center of the open a tremendous smile played upon Bob's lips, and the other's eyes were wet with tears.

"Dear old Bob, she's not worth it," Jim said: "Let's go home to breakfast.

As the crash of footfalls died away in the wood the hare appeared again and sniffed suspiciously at the powder smoke which lingered in the air. But all danger was past.

HIS EXPERIMENT

A STUDY OF THE METAMORPHOSIS OF A LOVER.

"NO!" said Babette. The little word snapped like a torpedo. Gray blinked down on her thoughtfully, but there was a hint of amusement in the twist of his mouth.

"No, thank you," he corrected, with gentle gravity.

Babette bit her lips in helpless, silent anger. She felt that she had appeared like a ruffled canary before whose bars he had passed a teasing finger, and her vanity was on fire, scorching her intolerably.

He had asked her, gravely and without worship, to marry him, and she, hailing a chance to be revengeful for a thousand tiny wounds, had drawn herself up like a novel heroine, with lips and eyes following the printed directions of romance, and had refused him with chilly hauteur.

Gray's glance, keen, quiet, not adoring, had shattered the soap bubble glory of the moment, and reduced her from a queen of fiction to a petulant little girl caught in the act of posing. He could have soothed her in a second by a touch of ardor, a hint of pleading, but he only argued a little, in grave, reasonable fashion, and asked her if she would not better reconsider her answer. She quivered under her anger, and the knowledge that it was small and petty doubled the exasperation. Her "No!" stood for what, in a lower civilization, would have been a blow.

They sat silent for a little while, she with an inward tumult that showed itself in proud rigidity; he outwardly impassive, though the mocking look had left his face.

"Well, I have failed," he began slowly. "Perhaps it was my fault, perhaps yours; or it may be that the thing itself is impossible."

Babette did not betray a flicker of interest, but he went on:

"I think I could have made you fall in love with my love of you, but I vowed I wouldn't. I wanted you to care for me myself, as a man, or not at all. I wanted you to like me first and then love me—but I seem to have failed in both."

She started to speak, then checked herself, and began working a nervous finger into a tiny hole in the silk pillow she leaned on.

"I'm not a man who can spend his life on his knees, ministering to a woman's love of admiration. If I had won you in that attitude, you would have been unhappy when I went back to my normal position. You would have loved the posture, not the man himself. I wanted our relation to be an honest one from the start. I thought you were broad enough to appreciate it. Sincerity is a higher compliment than adoration, Babette."

"You don't love me—not in the least," she broke out. "You're cold and critical, and—oh, I——" She stopped abruptly.

"Yes, you hate me," he said, a little bitterly. "If it were for what I am, I shouldn't have a word to say. But it is just for my attitude toward you—that is all you think of. This everlasting feminine vanity."

Babette's self-control was in tatters, but she drew it desperately around her. Her face changed as he looked at her, and he came and stood beside her chair.

"My dearest girl, I know I've hurt you brutally a thousand times," he said; "but you have hurt me more. I did want you to understand the real value of things, to prove yourself above the little personal standpoint that most girls take. And yet, all the time"—he bent down till his forehead almost touched her hair—"I wanted to go down on my knees just like any other fool!"

* * * * * * *

It was nearly two years before Babette saw Gray again. Change and chance took him completely away from her outer life. Then one night she found herself trembling with the knowledge that she was not two feet from him, in the crowded audience of an amateur play. He was directly in front of her, sitting with his elbow on the back of his chair and talking to Mrs. Collier, a pretty, affected little widow, delicately feminine.

"It's just my gown," she was saying. "Isn't it a triumph? Why, if you saw it on a wax lady in a shop window your pulse would act in exactly the same way."

"But you didn't have it on last night," he argued. The chairs were so close together that Babette could hear every word. "Nor the night before, nor every time I've seen you. Besides, I never have time to look at your gowns. You send me away before I'm half through with your——"

"The curtain is going up," interposed Mrs. Collier.

"Do I have to look at the stage?" he asked, in a forlorn whisper.

Babette, under pretense of a draft, changed her seat, and fixed her eyes on the stage, dimly conscious that something was going on there. When, later, Gray recognized her and came across to shake hands, she met him with frank cordiality.

"It is good of you to speak to me at all," he said, dropping down beside her.

Her eyes questioned him.

"Surely you haven't forgotten how I took it on myself to read you a lecture, back in our buried past?" he explained. "I wake up and blush over it in the night even yet. I was very rude and very priggish, I remember. What a solemn chump you must have thought me!"

"It was about being broad-minded," said Babette slowly; "about seeing things as they really were, and not just as they affected one personally."

"I'm afraid so," he admitted. "I made war on women in general and you in particular, and wanted you to give up all your most adorable traits. Wasn't I green?"

"What if I had taken you seriously, had gone to work and made myself over to fit your standards?" she asked, with a laugh.

"Then I suppose I'd have been to blame for the spoiling of a very charming person," he answered. "I'm so glad you didn't. It's your blessed little femininities that make you what you are."

"What are we?" Her voice was heavy with something he did not try to understand.

"A thing to be braided and jeweled and kissed," he laughed. "The one redeeming feature of an ugly, stupid world."

"What has changed you so?" she asked. Her face was smiling, but she kept her eyes from him.

"Oh, time, and common sense, and experience, I suppose, and——" His voice had grown absent. Babette looked up in time to see Mrs. Collier fling a little smile at him across the room.

"Well, I'll see you again," said Gray, rising. "It's good of you to have forgotten me."

"I don't know that I have," said Babette, still smiling.

Benefactions of a Poor Man

By OLIVE LOGAN.

AMERICANS visiting England and interesting themselves in philanthropic movements there often hear of the Kyrle societies, and some of our people wonder whence the name is derived. A moment's reflection will recall the source of the appellation.

The excellent workers among the poor, who have banded themselves together under the name of the Kyrle societies, are disciples of John Kyrle, the philanthropist immortalized by Pope under the title of "The Man of Ross." Kyrle achieved wonderful results of good by the wise bestowal of relatively small sums, saved from his modest income, after paying the expenses of his frugal manner of living.

He was born in the early part of the seventeenth century at Whitehouse, Gloucester, but resided during the greater part of his life at Ross, Herefordshire. This pleasant little town is situated on the left bank of the river Wye, between Monmouth and Hereford, and the fame of the philanthropist whose name will outlive even the verses of Pope, who sang his eulogy, is a magnet which suffices to draw thither a goodly number of American and Continental travelers, every year.

The house Kyrle lived in is alongside of the market place, and its proximity was the circumstance which first drew his attention to the needs of his fellow-beings. To supply the natural requirements of the poor in the manner of appeasing hunger, was his initial act of beneficence; and so sweet a joy did he derive from the gratitude received for this kindness that he immediately conceived the wish to extend his liberalities in other directions. He proceeded to build in rapid succession churches, hospitals and almshouses. To say that his benefactions won him the love of his contemporaries is but feebly to convey a record of the sentiment with which he was regarded. He was venerated, adored; dying in 1724, he was buried in the beautiful old church of Ross, to which he had given its spire.

"Verse may build a princely throne on humble truth," says Wordsworth; it may also serve to keep forever green the memory of generous deeds, however limited their scope. It was while Alexander Pope was visiting at Holm Lacy, the seat of Viscount Scudamore, near Ross, that he learned the facts concerning Kyrle which moved him to sound the praises of "The Man of Ross" in the following well-known lines, which appear in the "Moral Essays:"

Behold the market place with poor outspread.
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do.
Oh, say—what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possest—five hundred pounds a year.

This is the surprising part of the whole story; Kyrle's means, all told, only amounted to $2,500 a year, an income which is regarded as but a remove or two from genteel poverty by extravagant persons of our day. By the wise distribution of all he could spare from this modest fortune the man of Ross won the supreme blessing of the love and gratitude, not only of his contemporaries, but of all succeeding generations in the town where he lived and died. His influence, spread far further than this, however; members of Kyrle societies distributed all over the British possessions, are following in his footsteps, and accomplishing a vast amount of good with small resources. Pope's lines are not the only ones which have been written in praise of the man of Ross. Byron gave him a glowing eulogy; Walton claimed that Kyrle deserved to be celebrated "beyond any of the heroes of Pindar." The Homeric tribute to Scipio Aemilianus may be used in reference to John Kyrle and his contemporaries in the town of Ross: "He only is a living man; the rest are flitting shades."

FOR CONSCIENCE'S SAKE

A STORY OF LOVE, FALSE AND TRUE.

THERE was silence in the room where she sat with the man who was to marry her friend. She did not look at him, though she felt his eyes studying her. She scarcely dared to breathe. A breath would vibrate through the quivering air, and all the perilously balanced scheme of things immaterial would be disturbed. He would speak. A stir would break the spell that held him silent, and speech would mean the deluge.

Then her fan fell to the floor with a sound of splintering pearl sticks. Her fate was upon her.

"Hester," he said, not moving to pick the brittle trifle up.

So it had come! She had to meet it. Well, let her be not a coward. She threw her head back with some undefined pride of race and sex.

"I know what you are going to say," she said, surprised herself at the brutal clearness of her tones. "You must not say it."

"If you know what I am going to say"—his voice was shaken, but it was the tremor of emotion and not of irresolution—"it is because your thought responds to mine as your heart does. I am going to speak. I must speak. Why should we evade the truth? From the night we met you at the station—she and I—and your gaze met mine, straight and unafraid and clear—since that night I have known that we were meant for each other. So have you known it."

"I did not know that nowadays people were ever 'meant for each other' outside of dime novels," she answered flippantly.

"Lightness will not serve you tonight. You know that I love you. Give me leave to tell the truth to Isabel and then——"

"Ah, Isabel! So you recall Isabel? I wondered if you would, or whether you would continue this pretty scene without reference to her."

She hated herself for her cheap bravado in the presence of the love her heart ached to confess.

"I have thought of her," he said. "There has been no time to speak to her—here with her guests about her for a month past. But tomorrow you are going, Hester—darling. Tell me—tell me——"

"You reverse the old order, don't you? You think it is well to be on with the new love before you are off with the old! A thrifty habit—but unsafe!"

"Hester, stop!" he commanded. He had risen and towered above her. His heel ground the pearl fan. "Stop! How dare you desecrate truth and love with vulgar gibes?"

She arose, too—white and tall.

"You are right," she answered. "I am commonplace. But I am true in this. I will not take any happiness at the price of pain to my friend. If a month won you from her to me, a month may as easily restore you to her. I do not love you. I do not believe in you——"

"Do you mean that?"

"Absolutely."

"And if I were free?"

"I should still despise you."

He bowed, and left her speechlessly. In the morning she was gone.

She suffered a good deal at first. She even drooped somewhat, and was carried over seas for diversion. And over seas there followed her one who had been of her train as long as she could remember. He proposed to her on the Riviera.

"How many times is it, Dick?" she asked, smiling gently.

"It is the millionth time I've wanted to. I've forgotten the actual count."

"You are sure," she said, and was startled to find a sob barring the path of her words, "that you won't change?"

"Pretty sure now, Hester."

"Some men—think they love—and find they don't."

"I fear I'll have no such luck. No virtue on my part, you know; simply accident of disposition."

"You are good—and trustworthy—and you make so little of it all," cried the girl, with a sudden burst of tears. "I'll marry you, Dick, if you can stand me."

Three days later, when the engagement had received her father's cabled consent, her mother entered with an American newspaper a week old.

"Listen, Hester, listen to this! Isabel Sewell eloped almost on the eve of her wedding—the invitations were being engraved—with a Tennessean. Martin is his name. I wonder if the other man—what was his name?—will be broken-hearted? Isabel always was a harum-scarum! Was her fiance terribly in love with her?"

"I suppose so," said Hester, wearily. "When did she elope?"

"On the twelfth."

"Just four days before my day, dear," said Dick.

Hester's lips twisted into a smile to meet his tender regard, while her gaze traveled down a narrow vista of gray years.

QUEER LEGENDS OF GOTLAND

THE sagas of Sweden tell of a floating island on the Baltic Sea which in ancient times could be seen by moonlight, low and dim, and many mariners beheld it as they sailed to and fro, but before they could reach its shores it sank out of sight or drifted away like a phantom ship, says the "Sunny South." At last a Viking named Thjelvar sailed forth from Sweden in quest of this ghostly derelict, and having discovered it to be fair and beautiful, landed, built a fire, and went into camp.

The flames and smoke frightened away the powers of darkness which had bewitched the island and held it under control, and ever since it has been decent and orderly, and when it was settled became known as Gotland. The bay that constitutes its principal harbor is called Thjelvarvik, in honor of the bold discoverer, and a heap of stones upon the promontory that overlooks it is supposed to mark Thjelvar's grave.

Perhaps the legend concerning its disappearance might have been due to the fogs that frequently cover its surface and completely hide it from passing ships, for there was always some basis for the myths of the middle ages. None of them was made of whole cloth.

At the same time the tide marks upon the rocky coast of Gotland and the observations made by meteorologists within a century and a half show that the island is gradually rising or that the sea is receding, whichever way you prefer to put it.

As on the coast of Norway, the tide marks show that the water was once higher by seventy feet. There are places where forty or fifty tide marks may be counted, one above the other, upon the rocks. The shores are indented by cliffs which formerly inclosed bays and beaches that are now thirty, forty, and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and in the water at some distance from the shore are rocks and shoals which were not visible within the memory of living people. Geologists have no explanation for this phenomenon, but admit its truth.

The original inhabitants were pagans and offered human sacrifices in groves upon the hills, which were inclosed by walls and protected like consecrated ground.

They worshiped Odin and Thor, the same gods that ruled the destinies of the prehistoric races of Norway and Sweden, and the burial places and other tumuli are so numerous here that archeologists are led to believe that the island was originally a cemetery of the Vikings.

It is one of the richest places in all Europe for antiquities, and relics of the stone, bronze and iron ages are numerous.

The most interesting remains are the tombs of Vikings marked by memorial stones inscribed with runic characters, some representing ships with masts and sails and others figures of animals and men.

Some are inclosed by single or double rows of stones, and within the inclosures have been unearthed pots and kettles, implements and utensils and fragments of bone and clothing.

More than 1,100 ancient coins in the museum at Stockholm came from Gotland. In 1870, 1,500 coins of the Roman Empire, most of them dated in the first century after Christ, were found in one place, where they had evidently been buried 1,800 years ago.